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**IN VACATION.**

**A Full Return.**—A Canadian lawyer tells this story: A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining room was reached the tally of furniture ran thus:

“One dining room table, oak.

“One set of chairs (6), oak.

“One sideboard, oak.

“Two bottles of whiskey, full.”

Then the word “full” was stricken out and replaced by “empty,” and the inventory went on in a hand that staggered and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:

“One revolving doormat.”—Everybody’s Magazine.

**This Explains It.**—Lady—What! Thirty-eight cents a dozen for eggs! Why, that’s more than three cents for one egg!

Grocer—Well, mum, you must remember that one egg is a whole day’s work for one hen.—National Corporation Reporter.

**Where He Crossed the Equator.**—As one of the very few occasions when the wit of Rufus Choate was foiled, an incident is recalled when that brilliant lawyer was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship “Challenge.” Choate had cross-examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a rapid-fire gun.

“Was there a moon that night?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did you see it?”

“No, sir.”

“Then how do you know there was a moon?”

“The ‘Nautical Almanac’ said so, and I’ll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world.”

“Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator?”

“Ah, you are joking.”

“No, sir, I’m in earnest and I desire an answer.”

“That’s more than I can give you.”

“Indeed. You a chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question!”

“Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew there’s no latitude at the equator.”—Exchange.

**Vicarious Employment.**—Judge: “Now, Jim; what is your occupation?”

Colored defendant: “Mah wife goes out scrubbin’.”—National Corporation Reporter.

**Quite Evident.**—The man could name all the State governors, but not a single league pitcher.

"I shall naturalize you," said the judge, "but you are far from being assimilated into an American citizen as yet."

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**Legal Profundity.**—A newly-made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice: "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbow on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes an' what not? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry but trigonometry. Proceed."—Lincoln State Journal.